RECOLLECTIONS
OF
A NURSE

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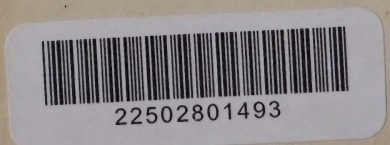
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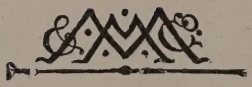
RECOLLECTIONS OF A NURSE



RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A NURSE

BY

E. D.

London
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1889

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RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,
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Dedication.

THESE Recollections of a Nurse are dedicated to the men of the British Army, whose lives have taught her to bear all things and endure all things—men who are still, and long may they continue to be, as Tennyson says —

> " Strong with the strength of the race,
> To command, to obey, to endure ! "

"SISTER EMMA."

3 *Bunwood Place, S.W.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NURSE

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NURSE.

In 1867 my sister went to be trained in a London hospital, and tried very hard to persuade me not to go. Almost her first case of private nursing happened to be in a large house near our home, the occupants of which knew my mother's family well; so they invited me there for a week.

When I had been there a few days my sister said, "I am going to do the dressing; you may come and see it done if you like."

On our way up stairs Mr. C. met us, and he said, "Be sure you give your sister some brandy before she goes into my wife's room." I didn't take any, though, but stood by the bed and watched my sister take off the dressing, syringe the wound and dress it again. She was considered a skilful surgical nurse. And as I stood and watched her, I wished more than ever to be able to be the same. It was a terrible case of cancer.

Three months afterwards I was working in the same hospital in which my sister had been trained, in the same female surgical ward, amongst the same cases.

At first I thought it very hard work. My feet used to blister with the constant trotting about, and my hands from wringing out hot flannels for fomentations. After a little while I got used to the work, and altogether my life was a very happy one. I should have liked to have had hospital work during the whole of my three years, but I was constantly getting a bad throat, so after thirteen months was sent out to private nursing. I did not like that so well, so I went back to the hospital again; but it was no use, my throat would not stand it.

Again I went out private nursing; and I must say the superior of our nursing home was very kind in nearly always sending me to cases in the country. I don't think I can say anything about my private nursing. It would be like a lawyer disclosing the affairs of his clients; but during the time I did private nursing I had nineteen cases. With some I was only a few weeks, with the longest three months.

My cases were: Three of congestion of the lungs, with other complications—these died; two cases of inflammation of the brain, who died; I had four cases of typhoid fever; one of rheumatism; one of inflammation of the lungs; one congestion of the liver; one rheumatic gout; one pneumonia; several cases of scarlet fever in a school; one case of hysteria. These all recovered. I had been nursing a case of

cancer for two months, and only left it to prepare for Africa.

Three months before my three years' agreement would expire, I was talking to one of our trained nurses about work, and she asked me what I intended doing—did I mean to sign for another three years, or what? I said, "No; having read Livingstone,[1] I am going to Africa," little thinking that the one I was speaking to could put me in the way of going; and she said, "You had better go to Zanzibar. I know some one who wants two trained nurses to go there to begin a small hospital."

"The very place," said I, "I should like to go to. Where is she?"

I got her address, wrote to her, offering my services. They were accepted. My three years' engagement would end on the 2nd of October, but I kept the case I was nursing till the 18th, when I left to spend the remaining ten days with my mother. Of course I met with a good deal of opposition. Some folks said that I should die in less than six months;

[1] In 1858 Doctor Livingstone came to England begging for men and money to open up the "Dark Continent." I was at school at the time and remember going to see a panorama of views of natives and native life. Amongst other views was one of a native lying asleep near a hut and a rat running in and out of his mouth, which made us, as children, roar with laughter. I was very much struck with this panorama and what I could understand of Doctor Livingstone's life, and made up my mind that some day I would go to South Africa.

others said the coloured races were best left alone; one and all said the money was nothing—£28 a year, with £5 for outfit. But I had made up my mind to go. My mother had given her consent, and so friends tried in vain to persuade me out of it. I felt so strong I thought I could stand any climate for three years. It was finally decided that we should leave England on the 3rd of November, 1875.

I came to London on the 2nd, and spent the night at the Lollards' Tower, Lambeth. Went to early service in the morning; had breakfast; and then by cab to Fenchurch Street railway station; thence by rail to the Docks (Victoria).

We embarked on board the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Java*. There were five of us going out to the Universities' Mission—two women besides myself, and two men; there were also passengers for Lisbon and Algiers, and some for India. It was rather rough going down Channel; we managed however to write a few post-cards to send off by the Isle of Wight pilot.

I asked a gentleman who had been to sea a great many times if he thought we should get bad weather, as I had a wish to be at sea when sailors would think it rough. He said he thought I should get my wish—and I did, for when we got into the Bay of Biscay, the sea came over the deck like a river; our cabin and saloon were swamped. Most of the passengers had been sick since leaving Gravesend, and

of course all the port-holes were shut. As long as I kept on deck I did not feel sick; but on Friday night there was a regular gale. Two of the boats were smashed, the sails torn to ribbons, and the rattle and smashing of crockery was terrific. They had very good-naturedly lashed a Bombay chair to the skylight, to which I held on.

At 11 p.m. I was ordered below. I refused, knowing how sick I should be in a cabin where three people had been sick for two days. However Captain C. took me up, and deposited me inside the cabin; of course I was sick directly. I managed to scramble on the top shelf, and there I lay till Sunday morning. And then I asked the stewardess if she would help me to dress that once, and I would never trouble her again.

We did not reach Lisbon till November 11th. It looked very picturesque from the ship; numbers of windmills along the coast, with orange and olive trees at the back. There was a large red-brick building close down to the sea, which I was told was the house in which one of our princes had stopped. We were all very glad to go ashore. It seemed so strange to find oneself in a sunny land, having left England in the damp, foggy weather. We went to see a very beautiful church—I forget the name of it; we walked in the public gardens, and went to the market to get some fruit. The stalls were like large umbrellas. We got back to the ship in time for dinner. Left Lisbon in the early morning; had a good run to Algiers. Arriving on the 15th, we all went

ashore, keeping mostly in the Arab part of the town. We went up such queer narrow streets, all steps; at the top were some gardens, and close to them an old Moorish castle and burying-ground. We then made our way back to the market; got some fruit, had some coffee, then sat down to watch the people passing to and fro. On our way to the ship we looked inside some mosques. We got on board in time for dinner, quite tired with our long ramble.

We left Algiers on the morning of the 16th, and for twenty-four hours it was rather rough; most of the passengers stuck to their cabins. However after that it was nice and bright.

The Mediterranean was dotted all over with yachts and sailing vessels, and we had a pleasant run to Port Said, arriving there on November 23rd. I went ashore to buy some paper collars; it was a sandy, uninteresting-looking place. They were trying to make a garden in the middle of a square.

Left Port Said at 5 p.m.; got one station on the Suez Canal; anchored at sunset. Arrived at Suez on 25th, no time to go ashore. Took on board 250 pilgrims; they had come from Jaffa, and were to leave us at Jeddah—and thankful enough we were to get there. I never saw such a wretched, dirty-looking lot of people in my life. Some were only partly dressed. We arrived at Jeddah on the 28th, and all of us went ashore in a large boat to the house of the British consul. It was a large old Arab house with a

flat roof, and a good deal of carved work about it. They gave us some coffee, plenty of sugar, but no milk. One of the passengers took his bicycle on shore, and I shall never forget how the natives ran and shouted; some threw down their bundles, or whatever else they were carrying and ran for their lives; so there we were—camels, dogs, natives, and ourselves—all mixed up together. We came through the bazaar at night, the consul's men carrying lighted torches to show us the way. We got back to our ship about 10 p.m., and had a pleasant passage to Aden. Here we re-embarked for Zanzibar on board s.s. *Punjaub*, the s.s. *Java* going up the Persian Gulf.

We were waiting at Aden two days for despatches for the Sultan of Zanzibar from England. About 11 a.m. on the morning of the 12th of December, 1875, the Mission boat came alongside and took us off. There was a good deal of surf, and no landing-place, so just as we touched ground two of the boys (they are all boys there whatever their age may be) jumped out; one took my head and the other my heels, and so, one by one, we were landed. A walk of about ten minutes brought us to the church Bishop Steere was building on the site of the old slave-market. Close to this was the house we were to begin our nursing in.

A lady who had worked in the Mission for some time received us; and there were two boys belonging to the Mission as house boys. John Briton did the up stairs work, and Selim helped the cook, who, I think, was a

Madrasee. For the first ten days we were all very busy unpacking and getting things straight, besides nursing the few children who had been sent from the Mission houses.

Then the cook could not come to work, his legs were bad,—he believed only in native medicine and doctors,—so Selim had to do the cooking; then three of our party fell ill with dysentery, which made my hands pretty full. I remember one morning at 6 a.m. telling Selim to kill, pick, and cut up a chicken, put it into a saucepan, with the water I had measured, and put it near the fire. Some little time after I went down to see how the broth was getting on. The kitchen was quite empty—neither fire, chicken, nor cook to be seen. At last I found Selim at play, and asked where the broth was. The answer was "Eh, Bebe? Why, that chicken he ran away;" and so my poor patients had water arrowroot for their dinner with some condensed milk stirred in. It was no use scolding; I did not know enough of the language to make them understand. After that John Briton and I made a bargain that, if I would cure his toe (he had pulled the nail nearly out), he would teach me Swahili, but, added John, "if you don't cure my toe, I sha'n't teach you."

As soon as my three patients recovered, they went out to Kiungarni, about two miles from the town, where the Bishop lived with the boys, the girls' house being two miles further on, at a place called Mbweni.

On their return to the town-house they brought back with them one of the missionaries on the sick list, and several of

the boys with ulcers on their feet and legs. I never saw anything like the Zanzibar ulcers; they were funnel-shaped, and went right to the bone, some of them—the most difficult things to heal.

The day after our arrival in Zanzibar a girl was brought in with a smashed toe, and it took three months to heal. She was one of the last lot of released slaves, and did not know a word of English. The first day I took her dinner in she said, "Lettie Chumvie, Bebe." What that meant I had not the least idea, but had read somewhere how particular some races were to wash their hands and mouths before eating; so I took basin, water, and towels. No, that was not what she wanted. Well, I tried several things, and at last had to call John Briton; and you should have seen the look of contempt on his face when he said, "Bebe, she only wants some salt!"

Some little time after this I had just finished the dressings in the wards,—the boys had gone on the roof outside, as they generally did,—when I heard a good deal of laughing and shouting, and went to see what they were doing. As soon as I appeared all the boys began at once, "Bebe, if we do not drive that (punda) donkey away he die, and then you will be sick." They had been forbidden to throw stones at any animal, but they thought if they put it to the fear of my being sick they should escape the scolding, so I ordered them back to their wards.

Some few hours after the donkey was there still lying on the ground, and I found had not moved since the morning; con-

sequently it had had neither food nor water. I turned to the boys and said, "Which of you will take a bucketful of water to that donkey, and what is the best food to give it?" All the boys exclaimed at once, "Bebe, it's no use giving that donkey any food, he is going to die." "But," added John Briton, "if you want to know what an Arab gives his donkey to eat, it is mtama[1]; but he never gives his boys that for breakfast"—(the boys had had mtama for breakfast that morning, and were very much disgusted; they preferred rice)—"only Mission people who give boys donkey's food."

I reminded him that it was very good food. "But a boy is not a donkey," said John. I could not help saying that boys very often acted like donkeys. The boys all looked at each other, and then John began again.

"Bebe, if a good Arab has a good boy, he gives him plenty of rice, shark, banana,"—and here all the boys joined in with, I should think, every fruit under the sun; and when they had finished the fruit, John went on—"and some pice (money), and if he be a very good boy he gives him a wife." And he looked round upon all the boys, as much as to say, I don't think we shall have any more mtama for breakfast after that!

I waited for a minute or two and then said, "Supposing the Arab was a bad Arab, and the boy a bad boy, what happens then?" It was my turn then to look round upon

[1] A small grain boiled and served up like porridge.

the boys. They had nothing to say. Presently, Ellestree, the blind boy, said in a disappointed tone,

"Eh, Bebe, you too many clever; you got too much sense."

Colmar, the new cook, also a Mission boy, hearing talking on the roof, came to see what was going on. He was one of the most good-natured boys I ever knew, so I gave him six pice to get some mtama, and told him to bring me a bucketful of water. We went to the donkey; poor beast! it was covered with sores, and so thin and weak. I first offered the mtama; it would not touch it. I tried the water; no, it would not try that; and the boys gave a shout from the roof as much as to say, "I told you it was no use." Then I poured a little water over its nose that seemed to revive the poor beast. A little time after it began drinking, and soon finished the mtama and water.

After a little while the donkey managed to get on its legs and graze about. At sunset I gave it some more water and mtama. Next morning at six o'clock, Colmar came thumping at my door.

"Bebe, Bebe! come quick and see! your punda been and died close to my kitchen. I think he smell food there."

I went down, and there, sure enough, was the poor donkey lying dead.

"Ah, Bebe, six pice and two bucketsful of water quite wasted," said Colmar, and he disappeared into the kitchen. When the tide came up, it was washed away, as no one

thinks of burying dead animals in Zanzibar. I have seen the remains of two camels dragged all over the "Nasa Moja" (a piece of ground on the seashore between the town of Zanzibar and the Mission house at Kiungarni) by the wild dogs which come out of the bush at night, and eat up all the dead animals. What the place would be like if it were not for the dogs, which act as scavengers, I do not know. I have walked through the bush surrounding the town, and seen the bones of human beings lying in all directions, sometimes the head quite perfect with the teeth. I was telling Bishop Steere about it once, and he said the Mission people used to collect and bury all these bones of the slaves, but it got too big a job.

We soon found that the town-house was not large enough to take in boys and girls. So when Bishop Steere came back from the mainland he set to work to build two more wards. We had one down stairs for the boys, and one up stairs for the girls.

When we had no European sick, I used to teach the boys reading and writing in English. Miss Jones taught the girls sewing, and she used to cut out and make all the garments worn by the children.

John Briton took his name from her Majesty's ship *Briton*, and very pleasant recollections he had of the good ship. How he used to talk of the sailors who gave him so many pice, and so much food! I believe he was on board some times and picked up a good deal of English; and then he was such an odd-looking boy even for an African. I

don't think he was above five feet in height, loutish-looking, with a broad flat nose which spread all over his face. The other boys used to teaze him terribly about this very noticeable feature of his. One day as I was passing through the ward on my way to dinner, I found him groaning over his toe ; I patted his woolly pate and said, "Poor boy, poor boy," by way of showing my sympathy ; he looked up, and in an angry tone said,

"Poor boy, poor boy ! indeed, as if every boy had not a nose."

The Bishop happened to be at dinner, so I remarked what a funny answer John had given me. The Bishop told me that poor, pronounced softly, was very like nose in Swahili, so no doubt John thought I was calling his nose in question.

Well, John used to teach all the little ones English, and they all liked him. Then four of the bigger girls we tried to train for nurses ; but with the exception of Nora, who was brought in with a smashed toe, it was a failure. They do not like touching another's sore, and I think Nora tried more out of gratitude for what had been done for her than for any love of the work. She could change the dressings and make poultices fairly well, and we could always trust her with the little ones, she was so kind to them.

Our life in the hospital was pretty regular. Prayers at 7 a.m., then breakfast, then to ward work. The number of patients varied very much ; we have had thirty in at one time, and sometimes only ten. At 12 o'clock we had prayers, then dinner.

After dinner every one rested till 2 p.m. Then the girls used to go to their sewing; the boys who could, used to bathe; and at 4.30 we did the dressings in the wards. Then we changed our gowns, had a cup of coffee, and one or the other of us took the ward girls for a walk.

For the first eight months I never walked anywhere but on the beach. I had been told that gum-copal with insects imbedded could be found in Zanzibar. I don't know why, but I jumped to the conclusion that it must be found on the beach; so used to kick over the seaweed in hopes of finding some, and had almost given up my search, when one evening I saw just at the water's edge a piece of clear stuff which I thought looked more like gum than anything else I had seen. After trying some time to catch hold of it and failing each time, I asked a boy who was passing to get it for me, which he did. I put it in my handkerchief and carried it home, quite pleased to think I was the first to find any. So I spread it on a clean towel in my room, expecting in the morning to see a piece of clear hard gum. Imagine my surprise to find a wet towel only! I had picked up a dead jelly-fish—and it had melted!

There is no twilight in Zanzibar; the sun sets about 6 p.m., and at half-past six it is dark unless there is a moon, so that our walk lasted most days about an hour; if we were later we were generally followed pretty closely by the dogs. I was told they never attack human beings unless very hungry, but the noise they make inclines you to hurry on. At 7 p.m.,

we had our evening meal, after that prayers, then the children went to bed, and Miss Jones and I to our rooms. If any of the children required looking after at night, they used to be carried, bed and all, into our room.

During the year and eight months I belonged to the Mission we lost four children—one from internal inflammation; one from atrophy, one from dysentery, one from eating dirt. I never saw anything like the craving of that child for dirt; he used to pick holes in the wall if he could not find any on the floor; then we tied his hands behind him—that did not stop it, for then he took to licking it up, and in the end he died. His stomach was a tremendous size, but the rest of his body very thin.

Now and then we had a wedding in the Mission, and then there was such hunting through the bazaars for the fashionable coloured beads and prints; and the fashions seem to alter amongst the African races as they do amongst civilized people. The wedding-dress was always white muslin with a gay-coloured shawl over; and they have a very odd way of perfuming their clothes. They spread them all over a kitanda, that is like the bottom of an iron bedstead, only instead of iron they are made of wood, and laced backward and forward with cocoa-nut string. Underneath this kitanda they put a small earthen pot with some live embers, then they sprinkle over different bits of sweet wood, and the smoke goes through and perfumes the whole. The Bishop, if he be at home, generally marries them, and it

is made a holiday for the whole school. Our best ward girl, Nora, married Vernon Baruti, the washerman in the Mission.

It was not often that we all three could work, generally one or the other of us was down with ague or dysentery.

Once when I had been ill, an Arab who used to come very often to the Mission and generally stopped to prayers, asked if he might see me. He was brought up, and as soon as he got inside the room he said a long prayer, I suppose, because all I could catch was "Allah, Allah." Then he sat down. He said he had never seen but one face like mine before—not so white, and then he went on to tell us that some years before a Jew had found his way to Zanzibar, and for some reason which our Arab friend did not give, he incurred the displeasure of some of the Zanzibaries, and so they got him into a hut, tied him up by the legs, and stabbed him till he bled to death; and when he was dead, he said, his face looked like mine. I thought this a very odd story to tell a sick person; but the strangest thing was, before the week was out his body was carried past my window to be buried.

Towards the end of 1876 Bishop Steere started for the mainland to choose a place for a new Mission station, and when he had settled the people he took with him he returned to Zanzibar. Whether it was the long walk of 200 miles, or the poor food he got on his return journey, or both combined, I do not know, but when I saw him at Kiun-

garni the morning after his arrival, I thought I had never seen any one look so ill. At first he did not like the idea of my going to Kiungarni to nurse him, but another member of the Mission fell ill at the same time, so as he knew I must stay to nurse one, he allowed himself to be nursed also.

After a month's nursing and feeding my patients were considered well on their way to convalescence. Then one of the missionaries who had just returned from the mainland got sunstroke and died after forty-eight hours' illness. I was feeling terribly done up, but was anxious to keep up till the Bishop had gone away—he was going by next steamer to England,—so I did an hour or two's work, and then went to my room to lie down, helping myself to small doses of quinine, and so I managed to keep on for a few days. But at last one afternoon I had gone to lie down, thinking to go down to five o'clock tea; but by that time I had forgotten where I was. The doctor came and gave me twenty grains of quinine in one ounce of brandy; the next day at sunset I was rolled up in blankets and carried on a wicker couch, by eight boys, into the town-house.

I had had attacks of fever very often, but it had never taken such hold of me before; twice in one week Miss Jones put me back on the pillow, thinking I had gone the way of all flesh. They were only fainting fits, but then I had never fainted in my life before. But, thanks to the doctor's skill and Miss Jones's kindness, I pulled through.

Before I was really fit for duty Miss Jones sprained her ankle, which made it necessary that I should do something; but it was not wise, and only brought on a relapse, and before I had got fairly strong again Miss Jones fell ill with typhoid fever, and after a month's illness she died. That was in April, 1877. No one will ever know how I missed her, and how lonely I felt after her death. She died at 5 a.m., and was buried in the graveyard at Kiungarni the same day.

The next morning when I got to the bottom of the stairs two of our little boys sat there waiting for me; they were about ten years old, and could speak English well, having been brought to the Mission when quite little. They put their hands into mine, and Ellestree said, "We are very sorry our other Bebe died. You go home quick to your mother or you will die. Zanzibar boys love you very much. Zanzibar no love you; it is too hot." And Claud said, "Eh, Bebe, quite true, you go home to your mother quick."

Ellestree, as I said before, had been in the Mission some time, and was a very intelligent boy, but had had a bad foot some little time before we arrived in Zanzibar, and it had been healed with native medicine. As soon however as the foot healed he became blind and covered with eczema; but he was always jolly and bright, and used to find his way about in a wonderful manner. At two o'clock in the afternoon he used to come to my room for my work-basket, and if he was a little too early I would read a story

to him. One day I read the story of a pin, how it is made, and when I had finished he rubbed his head and said he thought the English were very clever.

Claud was a fine stout boy, but some months before this the joint of his big toe began sloughing away, then the hip, and shoulder, knees, ears, and chin. Our doctor tried a great many things to stop this, but nothing did it any good, and the child had got to a perfect skeleton. Then the doctor said he would try a different remedy, and that was wash him thoroughly with carbolic soap, and fill up all the holes with cotton wool soaked in cod-liver oil, and bandage him up, changing it every forty-eight hours. We were never at a loss for oil-silk, the banana leaves making a splendid covering for all surgical dressings. I also gave him two teaspoonfuls of cod-liver oil by mouth, which he liked and called fish-soup. Besides this he had a good quantity of milk, beef-tea, and new eggs.

It was surprising how quickly the holes filled up; the cotton wool was generally dry, all the oil being absorbed in the wound. He got on splendidly, and was as bright and jolly as ever. He used to tell all the new children as they came in that if they would take all the medicine and food that was given they would be sure to get well. In the meantime my two patients from Kiungarni, with another missionary, had gone to England to recruit, and I had another attack of fever and dysentery—in fact I had never thoroughly shaken off the bad attack of February.

So the children were sent back to the Mission houses at the end of May; and I embarked on board the British India Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Abyssinia*, on the 2nd of June, 1877, for England, leaving only one out of the three women and one of the two men who had left England in 1875, to await the arrival of more helpers from home before beginning the hospital again.

With the exception of one Sunday spent with Dr. and Mrs. Robb, I had never been out of the Mission houses the whole time I had been in Zanzibar.

We had rather a rough passage to Aden, and the sight of the burnt-up rocks made our eyes ache.

I was fortunate in meeting the same captain who had brought us out, and I changed into the *Patna* the same day. This steamer had just come from the Persian Gulf, and amongst other passengers was the wife of a British officer and her ayah. I don't think I ever thanked her enough for all her kindness to me during my voyage to England. We were in Aden two days, so went to see the tanks. I walked to the bottom of one, but it was leg-aching work. Then we went to Cowasgie's shop to get some photographs. Mr. Cowasgie and his son were passengers in the same ship as far as Suez. He showed me a letter he had received from the Prince of Wales, and by the way it was folded and locked up he must have prized it very much. I believe he had a great deal to do with the illumination

and decorations in honour of His Royal Highness when he passed Aden on his way to India. And Mr. Cowasgie showed me what would have been a handsome ring, had it not been for the flaw in the stone, given him by the Sultan of Zanzibar on his (the Sultan's) return from England.

Besides these two, there were a great many Portuguese officers and others returning to Lisbon.

Two lighters, crowded with Parsees, came a little way out with us, and gave some hearty cheers for Mr. Cowasgie and his son. We stopped at Hodida in the Red Sea. Mr. Cowasgie went ashore there, his brother being governor of the place. He gave us an invitation to go too, but being midday our captain thought it would be most unwise to venture. However they brought us some fresh dates; they were the only fresh ones I have ever tasted. Our next stopping-place was Jeddah. I went ashore with the others, and was taken to see Eve's grave, thirty-six yards long; but a resident in the place told me it was nothing of the kind, only the Arabs thought that as Mecca had the tomb of Mahomet, Jeddah must have something to attract people.

I had ague in the Red Sea after leaving Jeddah, but by helping myself plentifully to quinine stopped it for a time.

At Suez we had a dust storm; it came on something like a London fog. At first one could see the town quite plainly,

then by degrees the dust rose higher and higher, till everything was obscured. The men on board were all very busy shutting up the ports and fastening down the skylights; the sea became quite rough; after a time it passed over, leaving everything very gritty. When the moon got up we saw lots of sharks round the ship, which afforded some amusement to a few gentlemen on board as well as to myself. I held the rope upon which was tied a sheep's liver, and when the monsters rolled over, with their jaws open, instead of getting the meat they got the contents of a rifle.

Mount Sinai was pointed out to me at the entrance to the Canal, and we anchored in the Bitter Lake. At Port Said we went ashore to get some photographs, and walking through the gardens were surprised to see how the shrubs and flowers had grown. The gardener gave me a bouquet, which made our ladies' cabin look smart for some days. Had a good run to Algiers; but as our ship had been up the Persian Gulf and the plague being at Bagdad, they put us in quarantine. It seemed a senseless thing to do, as there was no illness on board, and the ship had been at sea fifty days. So no one went ashore. At Lisbon it was the same.

It must have been very disappointing to our Portuguese friends on board to have to stop in a building outside Lisbon for a certain number of days, especially as some of them had been away nearly twenty years.

The Bay of Biscay was calm and the Channel too, and

on the morning of the 13th of July I was on deck at 5 a.m., looking at the cornfields in the distance. At 12.30 we were in dock, and my friends soon came on board to welcome me home again. I stopped in London one week, and saw a well-known doctor, who thought it would be a very long time, if ever, I was strong enough for nursing again. Nice news this for a woman who had to earn her daily bread! Before leaving London I saw the superintendent of a nursing association, who promised to give me work after I had been home and got strong. So home I went to my mother. How astonished the country folks who had known me all my life were at my appearance!

I left England in November, 1875, weighing over eleven stone; I returned July, 1877, weighing eight stone three pounds. No wonder my friends were shocked.

After two months' rest I came to London and began work, and after a few weeks had to leave my case. I had a sharp attack of ague, and was ill three weeks, and then went to Brighton to stay with some friends who thought sea air would set me up, and I certainly felt very much better there. I came back, and took another case, with the same result. I could not shake the ague off. I must say I felt a little disheartened. Just before Christmas an easy case turned up. I was there some weeks till my patient could do without a nurse; and my next case happened to be an easy one. I was there two months. At the end of that time I was sent to nurse an old gentleman who had had fourteen

nurses in one month. At the end of the second month he was well enough to leave town.[1]

My next cases were: one operation, one typhoid fever, one diphtheria, one pneumonia, one case of rheumatism with various complications, two cases of scarlet fever, one case of dropsy, the only one who died.

These cases lasted up till the beginning of June, 1879. On the 10th our superintendent asked me to go to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's house in Stratton Street. The Baroness, at the head of a ladies' committee, was anxious to send nurses and medical comforts to our sick and wounded soldiers in South Africa. At 6 p.m. it was decided that I should go as the superintendent, and a list of things was given to me that the ladies' committee wished us each to have. Early the next morning I with two others went to Silver's in Cornhill and got our things. At 1 p.m. we were all to meet at the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's to sign the agreement. At 3 p.m. we left Stratton Street and went to our different homes to pack up, as we were all to be at Paddington station at 7.30 p.m.

[1] Sometimes this old gentleman used to throw the pillows at the nurses, sometimes his feeding cup of milk or beef-tea, or in fact anything within his reach, and he looked very like throwing the contents of a feeding cup over me when I first approached him, so I took the cup, and said, "You know as well as I do, that if you want to live you must take food. If you don't want to live, don't take any; but it won't make the least difference to me which you do." After this he made a good recovery.

The Baroness with several ladies of the committee were there to see us off, and with kind words and thoughtful presents bade us God-speed.

We were all very quiet on this our first night's journey, most of us no doubt thinking of our work and the spirit in which we were to do it. Dartmouth was reached about 5 a.m. We directly went on board, and were very glad of the hot coffee they soon got for us. The cabins were next found. We unpacked and settled ourselves, and by this time breakfast was ready. After breakfast the Commissioner, Surgeon-General Ross, unpacked the Baroness's presents to each of us—a book of poems and a compass.

About 12.30 we steamed out, the bay was pretty calm, and on the 17th we arrived at Madeira. Lots of people came on board with chairs, fruit, and needlework; we only stopped four hours. The next day we settled down to needlework. It is always best to have regular hours for work, reading, and walking at sea, one enjoys the voyage so much more.

On Sunday, July 6th, we arrived at Cape Town, and heard with delight that our soldiers had gained a victory at Ulundi; also the sad news of the death of the Prince Imperial.

On Monday Lady Frere invited us to Government House, and was most kind in telling us a good deal about the climate of Natal and other things. In the afternoon we went to the Somerset Hospital, and the next morning we went to see St.

Michael's Home. Walked back to the *Dublin Castle*, and at 4.30 we left for Natal. Port Elizabeth was reached on the 10th, and East London on the 11th.

The same night we passed St. John's Gate, here some rockets were let off; arrived at Durban on the morning of the 12th of July. However it was too rough to land passengers. Surgeon-General Ross was, I believe, the only one landed with the mails. We rolled about in some style till Sunday morning, and then crossed the bar easily. In the afternoon we went for a walk on the beach. Fruit and flowers were everywhere. In the evening we went to St. Paul's church. It was arranged next day that two of our Stafford House sisters should go to the Camp Hospital at Durban for duty, sisters Mary and Annette, and two other sisters, Ruth and Elizabeth, should go to the Point Hospital, leaving three of us to await further instructions. On the 15th a telegram came for us to start at once for Pietermaritzburg for work at Ladysmith.

So we left Durban next morning by early train for Botha Hill. Archdeacon Loyd went with us as far as Pinetown, and was good enough to point out any place of beauty or interest. At Botha Hill we found a 'bus—our luggage was first put in, and then eleven people were packed inside and one stood on the step; presently six poor-looking horses began to pull, and after a time we were off. It was very jolting and bumping work, though we changed horses four times in thirty miles, and arrived safely about six o'clock;

had our dinner, a little chat, and then to bed. Mrs. Macrorie, the Bishop's wife, and Mrs. Mitchell came to see us the next morning and took us to the Bishop's to dinner. In the afternoon Dr. Ross took us to call upon General Clifford, and it was then decided that Dr. Ross, with Sisters Edith and Janet, should leave Pietermaritzburg next morning by post-cart for Ladysmith, leaving Dr. Stoker and myself to follow next day. Just as we were starting some one asked me if I knew that the post-cart came to grief every other day. We had a good view of Pietermaritzburg from the town hill, and stopped at Howick for luncheon. Bishop Macrorie told me to be sure and see the waterfall there, so while the luncheon was being prepared we ran just for a look. It's a very good one; the water falls straight down, I think I was told, more than 300 feet.

It was six o'clock when we got to Mooi River and nearly dark. We had come 45 miles on our way; it was very cold, I was obliged to run up one of the hills to warm my feet, and when I came back the evening meal was ready. Nine men and myself sat down in a good-sized kitchen. We had barley broth, and two joints of mutton, but it would have puzzled a good many cooks to find out from what part of the animal they came. We were all very hungry, and cleared everything before us. Directly after supper I went to bed. I believe the remaining eleven visitors found a resting-place on the kitchen floor, though I was told afterwards that two had crept into the post-cart.

They must have had a cold night of it, for icicles were hanging round the cart when we left next morning; everything had been eaten up the night before excepting a piece of very dry bread which they offered me. Whilst the horses were being put in I had a run to warm myself. At 11 a.m. we reached Escourt, and we were all very glad to get some breakfast; then off again to Colenso, and had dinner at half-past two; and two hours more of flying over stones brought us to Ladysmith. One can't recommend post-cart travelling to nervous folks; they go at the rate of ten miles an hour, over rocks, through rivers, nothing seems to stop them. When you have got nearly over a nasty bit of ground, you hear the driver recommending everybody to sit tight down, and you are only wishing that you had the chance of doing so.

Natal is not a pretty country to drive through, there are so few trees. Of course you come across pretty little places occasionally, and I think the range of mountains and Giants' Castle covered with snow, on your left as you are driving from Pietermaritzburg to Ladysmith, looks more than lovely in the early morning.

Dr. Ross and the two sisters met us at the place where the post-cart changed horses, and the Senior Medical Officer was there too. Dr. Ross and Sister Janet went on by post-cart to Utrecht, and the Senior Medical Officer took Sister Edith and me to the house of an English lady, where it had been arranged we should board and lodge.

Ladysmith at this time was a small place, built on the Klip River, almost surrounded by hills. It had one broad street, with the usual South Africa "sluit," or wide ditch, running on either side of the street, pretty villa residences surrounded by gardens containing orange, lemon, pomegranate and other fruit trees, lying a little back, separated from the road by a hedge of wild pomegranate and roses. At the bottom of this street was the race-course, and on the edge of the race-course a long low house, to which we were taken. Mrs. Anderson received us most kindly; and we are not the only ones who owe her a debt of gratitude for her kindness during the Zulu war.

The next morning Sister Edith was given a certain number of patients in the church. This had been turned into a hospital for the men, and they were busy putting up marquees and bell tents for the Ulundi sick and wounded, who were expected at Ladysmith. The Dutch parsonage, a one-storied house containing six fair-sized rooms, with a wide verandah running all round, and surrounded with flowering syringa amongst which tents were pitched for the surgical cases, was given over to me.

Of course the parsonage was bare of furniture, but our Assistant Commissioner very soon rigged out some tables and other pieces of furniture from packing-cases, nailing American cloth over them; then he hunted through the stores and bought chairs, crockery, &c. Bedsteads and bedding were provided by Government. Cleaning windows,

putting up blinds, and getting the place in order took all my time till they, the sick and wounded, arrived.

The day of their arrival was a busy one; but they soon settled down, and then my regular work began.

I used to leave coffee and cocoa with the orderlies at night, so that they might make it in the early morning. About 7 a.m. I went to the stores to get what I wanted for the daily use, so as to be at the hospital a little before 8, to give out oatmeal, eggs, butter, &c., or sometimes to make an omelette or poach eggs. Then there were feeds to prepare for fever patients, and to take temperature. This being done it was time to go round with the doctor, and after that the dinner to be cooked, which was not an easy matter.

My range consisted of some bricks and two iron bars. Then again one could not do as one can in England—just order your things and get them. It was rarely one could get the thing one wanted. For instance, if I had arranged to give them roast mutton, a piece of beef would be sent —not a joint, but simply a lump. I tried stewing at first, but it was always so tough no one could eat it. Then I got a mincing machine and minced it, that was generally liked; this with a pudding made the midday meal. At 4 p.m. those who liked had tea or cocoa. At 6.30 they had another meal, like the midday one.

I often managed to get chicken, or paau, and sometimes a few partridges found their way to us. Some of the cases required special feeding, such as jelly, beef-tea, custard,

blancmange, sponge-cake; and by asking the butcher a day or so beforehand I could always get four cow-heels, and after boiling them down in the usual way, add wine, lemon-juice and sugar, and clear it with white of egg, using the yolks for custard.

If jelly was liked for a change from milk and not absolutely wanted for nourishment, I used to make gelatine jelly, and I only wish I had known then what I do now, that by using Nelson's gelatine and citric acid you can make excellent jelly without eggs to clear it, and besides, so much less trouble. Making sponge-cakes with moist sugar was a little bit tiresome, but I succeeded at last in making them light by putting in less sugar.

After the six o'clock meal I had the night feeds to prepare for fever cases, take temperature, make poultices, and various other things that would be necessary. I generally left my hospital about 9 p.m., though sometimes much later, and so our work varied little from day to day. I used sometimes to go and see Sister Edith's patients, and always had a chat with one of the men who had been wounded at Ulundi. He had been in the army twenty-one years. He was in the square at Ulundi, and got a gunshot wound in the shoulder. Abcesses had formed, and so, poor fellow, he felt very grumbly. One day when I went to see him he told me the doctors had said that if an easy-chair could be found he might sit up, and added, that no doubt if he were an officer he should get one.

Now, though everything had been done as far as one could to make the patients comfortable, we had not what I call an easy-chair in the place, and so I said to Smith, "I'll make you a chair," which made him laugh. So I went over to Mr. Randle's stores and got four broomsticks, some strong canvas and screws, took them down to the Officers' Hospital, and there I found broomsticks would not be strong enough. So back to the stores I went and got four pieces of wood five feet long, four inches broad, and two inches thick. I screwed them together like the American chairs.

Hearing carpentering going on, some of the officers who were convalescent came out, and they with the help of their servants managed to get the frame secure. Then I nailed the canvas on and made a pillow for the back out of a bit of pink cambric stuffed with tenax. I took it up to the poor fellow, and it did one good to see the look of gratitude that came into his face, and all for such a small thing. I heard afterwards that he sat in it the whole of the next day, and a day or two after his arm was taken off.

It was considered a critical case, and Sister Edith worked hard night and day to save him. My chair proved useful during his convalescence. When he came to say good-bye, he observed that he should like to drink my health, and I told him it would give me great pleasure for him to do so, as I had several tins of condensed milk and beef-tea in the ambulance for the use of any patients who might require a little extra feeding on the road.

We had received instructions from our Commissioner, Surgeon-General Ross, to telegraph the date of any patients leaving Ladysmith to Mr. Patterson, the resident magistrate at Escourt, so that he might be prepared to supply soup, eggs, chicken, and fresh fruit and vegetables to them on their arrival, and give them a further supply for their journey to Pietermaritzburg out of the Stafford House funds.

In the meantime some of my patients in the Officer Hospital were well enough to move down to Pietermaritzburg for the medical board, and then in most cases home. My fever cases were beginning to take a little solid food, and the first morning I gave them bread and milk. It was only a few bits of bread, and when one officer's servant took it out of my hand he said, "Please, sister, do give him a little bit more. My master was a big man when I brought him out—he is very thin now. I shall be ashamed to take him home like this. Do give him a little bit more!"

However he was quite satisfied with his master's appearance before he left Ladysmith. I was told he could not get his patrol jacket together.

In all I had twenty-one patients in the Officers' Hospital—simple fracture, one; gunshot injury, one; compound fracture of forearm, one; compound fracture of lower jaw, one; compound fracture of ankle-joint, one; injury of elbow-joint, one; injury of ankle-joint, one; flesh-wound of shoulder, one; flesh-wound of thigh, one; paralysis (hemi-

plegia), one; iritis, one; fever and dysentery, five; concussion of brain, one; typhoid, six. After they had all gone I went up to the Basefield Hospital, took charge of the fever cases, made and gave all extras. Besides our soldiers, there were two Hottentots and Dick the Zulu; they had had a marquee full of Basutas, but they had recovered and gone away before I went there. We had what nurses call splendid cases of typhoid, and for a time the work was very hard. We had not many orderlies, but the ones we had were good. Sister Edith, with the assistance of some regimental orderlies, did the night work, and when she was not there, our senior medical officer, Dr. Babington, used to go round the hospital once or twice in the night, to see that all was right.

One day Dick's leg had been very painful, and I suppose the doctor had given him something to ease the pain. An English lady happened to come to the hospital that day, who knew Zulu perfectly, and she asked him if he were in pain then. Dick said no, but he had been, and he thought he was going to die, that the Inkosoas had been very good to him—she had given him food and clothes, and he hoped peace and happiness would be with her all her life.

It was strange, but the same words were said to me by a patient in the hospital where I was trained. A poor old woman came in with compound fracture of the leg and very bad bed sores. After she had been there some little time, and I suppose feeling she was getting weaker, asked to go

out, and then I asked her if she did not think she would be more comfortable in hospital than at home. Her answer was: "Yes, honey; you have all been good to me here, but I feel I can't live, and I must go to Mass once more before I die, and I will pray for ye that ye may be peaceful and happy all the days of your life." She went out a few days before Easter, 1873, and on one of the visiting days a little time after her daughter came to tell me that her mother was dead.

How grateful one finds most hospital patients! One old body came in once, herself and clothes very dirty. I took off her clothes and rolled them up, and gave her a thorough good scrubbing in a warm bath, put on a warm nightgown, and wrapped a blanket round her, and was just tucking her up in bed, when all at once she asked for her pocket. Thinking she might have something in it that she did not wish to go back to her friends, I brought the dress. She drew out something and tried to put it into my hand, saying, "Ye must want twopenn'orth of gin after that. I do feel so comfortable." Poor old body! She wanted to give me all she had.

However, Dick the Zulu did not die, and after he got better I tried to talk to him in the little I remembered of Swahili, the language understood on the East Coast, but only a few words were like Zulu.

I was much better off at the Basefield Hospital than at the Officers' as far as convenience for my cooking went. The

cook was most obliging, and let me go wherever I liked. Sometimes I used to talk to the men in the cook-house while waiting for my milk, &c., to boil, and it was generally upon the evils of drink. I gave them a long exhortation the only day I was off duty.

Next morning I went to the cook-house as usual, and missed the cook. Upon inquiry I found him in the guard-room, and when he came back to work I asked him why he had taken too much. He said, "Well, you know, sister, they told me you were ill, and so I was obliged to go and get a drink. I should not have done it if you had been here." They certainly took all I said on the subject of drink very kindly. And when it was known that Sikikuni would fight, a great many men of the Army Hospital Corps came through Ladysmith on their way to Newcastle and Pretoria, and several who were working with us were sent too.

Upon these occasions Sister Edith and I always managed to make a good, large, common cake, and tea such as they never could make themselves. They had their tea and parting lecture, as they called it, in my marquee, generally leaving Ladysmith about 4 p.m.; and I have more than once seen them pass hotels where men have been standing, with cups of beer in their hands, ready for our men, and I have felt that I could have raised a cheer for the men even though they had had a cup of tea, who, under a hot sun and with a long march before them, could resist the tempting glass.

One evening the commandant came to say he had just received a telegram from Laidtmann's Drift, asking if we had any delicacies to send, and he told me if I could get any made he would send them off next day. They had plenty of milk and eggs, so I went to the butcher's and by a lucky chance got some cow heels, stewed them all night, and cleared it in the morning; I also made two sponge-cakes, some blancmange, filling up the box with oranges; and at 11 a.m. the runner left Ladysmith. I offered to go and nurse them, but as our senior medical officer said we had more than a hundred sick in hospital then, and there was no one who could take my place, I did not go.

Some ten days after the body of one poor fellow who had died at Laidtmann's drift was brought to Ladysmith for burial. Sister Edith made a cross of white roses and Passion-flowers, which was placed on his coffin with his sword, and they laid him in a pleasant spot, the quiet resting-place of many others in Ladysmith.

At the end of November our work was getting less, and we were waiting for instructions to proceed to Newcastle, which was to be the base hospital for the Sikikuni campaign, or to come home as the authorities might wish.

In the meantime, Mrs. Deeble, the superintendent of the Netley Hospital, with some Netley Sisters, came through on their way to Pretoria, and as we had the use of the Dutch parsonage, we prepared some rooms in it for their use for the one night, also a dinner for them. However, Mrs.

Deeble had quite made up her mind for a life under canvas, so with thanks declined our roof; and I was very sorry just as we were having our evening meal to hear sounds of a thunderstorm, and soon after the rain came down in torrents. From experience we knew that no tent just pitched could stand a Ladysmith thunderstorm. I was glad to find our good friend Mrs. Wade had taken in some of the party, and the others had gone to an hotel.

A day or two after instructions came for us to proceed to Newcastle for work there, so we said good-bye to our patients, who were mostly convalescents. No seats could be got in the post-cart; things had all been taken by the Government for some time to come, so our baggage went by transport, and we rode up. We were obliged to divide our journey to fit in with the roadside inns to stop the night.

Our first ride was to Mitchel Innis, Sundays River—such a nice clean English-looking house. It was about 6 p.m. when we got there. Sister Edith and I took ourselves off to some rocks to bathe; the ground was rather rough, the grass in places up to my shoulder, though close to the river were large patches of lilies and ferns. Two natives walked through the river a few yards above us; I was terribly afraid they would take our clothes, but they did not. I dropped the soap, and got a scolding from Sister Edith, for of course it was impossible to find it again.

We got back in time for our dinner; it was nearly dark. I was very hungry, and so must the others have been

by the way the good things disappeared. They gave us stewed chicken, minced mutton, beans and peas, stewed apricots and cream, and then came more apricots, small, but very good.

It rained a little next morning, but ours was a short ride to Pilgrim's Rest; we got there about 12 o'clock, had our dinner, after that walked up the Biggersbury to see the sunset. It was splendid!

Soon after sunrise next morning we left Pilgrim's Rest; we walked slowly up a very long hill, and after the horses had rested, Dr. S. proposed that we should make the best of our time across the smooth piece of veldt, and off we went. All at once I thought the horse's head was coming off—and the next moment found myself stretched on the veldt.

The girth had broken and I and the saddle had come to the ground. The saddle was a one crutch affair, and had been on so many animals' backs that it would not fit properly. However I was not hurt, and Dr. S., who had fortunately provided himself with straps, soon repaired the damage, and off we went again to Harding's stables. Offsaddled and rested for an hour, then on to the Enchanga and had luncheon; started again at 2.30 p.m., and arrived at Newcastle about 5 o'clock, having done over forty miles. Some of the ground we went over was very rough, especially the short cut to Newcastle.

Next morning the Senior Medical Officer sent a mule cart for us to the Hospital at Fort Amial.

We were directly taken to see our patients, who were mostly in huts made by the Staffordshire Regiments. A small mud hut was given to us to have our meals in. It was about nine or ten feet square; it had mud walls, mud floor, no windows but a hole with a shutter, and a door without a fastening. If the wind was very high, one of us was obliged to stand with her back to the door whilst one finished her meal, and then the other one stood to let the other one eat. We often used to say the next time we went into the town we really would get a fastening, but when we got to the shop and found our money running short, we thought we might wait a little longer, and so we never did get a fastening. Our furniture consisted of four packing cases—one we turned on its side and hung a piece of calico over, that made a cupboard; one in the middle of the hut for a table; and two other small ones to sit upon.

Then we had a bell tent to sleep in. At first a very thin one, and the rain came drip, drip, on our faces, and we were glad to use our macintoshes to keep ourselves dry. Then the men had forgotten to dig a trench round, and so the ground was like batter pudding for softness, and obliged us to put our stockings and shoes on in bed. Our bed boards were put on boxes to be as far as possible from the ground, and the beds stuffed with dry grass, not like English dried grass, but nice thick stems. In fact I once opened my bed, firmly believing some assegai handles had been hidden there, and then the fleas! shall I ever forget them! Sister Edith and I

had a pint cup on a box between our beds, into which we put all the fleas we caught, and one night's haul would frighten any good housewife at home. A tin bason and half a cask—our bath, completed our furniture. The camp was a capital place for mushrooms ; we could gather them lying in our tent. We found it much cooler and pleasanter than a hut for sleeping.

We got up at 6 a.m., had our breakfast, tidied up our dwellings, and then to hard work. It was much the same as at Ladysmith ; just the same difficulty in getting eggs, milk, and chickens. Our patients were mostly medical cases. Some of the poor fellows were very ill, and those suffering from general debility were more or less depressed. One of them said to me, "Oh, sister, do you think I ever shall get well ? I am a six years' man, and my time will be up in two months ; and I should so like to go home again."

Some weeks after the Senior Medical Officer said these cases had certainly done us credit, and I think the Medical Officer generally found that the improved and varied diets got the sick men on much quicker then anything else. I got the same permission at Newcastle that I had at Ladysmith, that the convalescent patients should be for a few hours in my marquee to help in carrying food to others, and by that means they got a little extra food themselves, and they were most useful.

I had only been there a short time when a sergeant came up to me and said, "I have taken your advice, sister, and

have never tasted 'square-face'[1] since your lecture to us in the cook-houses at Ladysmith." I told him I was very glad to hear it, but that I did not remember his face. He said probably not, as he had only passed through with some men and heard what I had to say by accident. I hope he will always remember it. And so when he asked me a few days before Christmas to make a plum-pudding for the sergeants' mess I did so most willingly, and on Christmas Eve, outside our hut, in the bright moonlight, I spread some newspapers on the ground, and with a large zinc bucket and my ingredients beside me I turned up my sleeves and made the pudding.

On Christmas morning we were up at 5 a.m. I went directly to the cooking place—this was in the open air—to make several camp kettles of mazina and stewed a small sack of apples. Chickens were difficult to get just then; I suppose they had been bought up for the balls and parties that were then going on. The officers very kindly sent us one for our dinner, being Christmas Day; but when it came at 12 o'clock, Sister Edith said she should like three men's dinners off it, and I wanted one, so we looked at each other for a minute and then divided our chicken and walked off to the different patients.

Some little time after I came back to our hut and found four chickens put by the door. I made some inquiries, but

[1] An inferior kind of hollands.

could not find out who put them there, so called our Kaffir and had them picked. I got them ready and took them to the oven, and though late for dinner they came in splendidly for the men's tea.

After tea we gave them some tobacco, and then we had a chat, and I heard no end of stories—how they came to enlist, and why they, many of them, had left their homes and did not write to their friends. Sometimes strikes were the cause, but more often drink. Not that in all cases the soldiers were drunkards, but their homes were made miserable by their fathers' unsteady habits.

I once asked a thin stripling of a lad at Ladysmith why he had enlisted, and this was his answer, "I belong to N., a big shoemaking place, and my brother and I were shoemakers. My father died when we were little, so my mother did charing to keep us; and when we were big enough we went to work, and what with that and mother's earnings we were pretty well off. Well, mother married again, and he turned out a drunkard, and couldn't abide our being there, so we got lodgings; and we were getting on well, till trade got bad. From full work we got to half-time, then two days a week, and at last there was no work. So my brother and I started to look for some. We tramped the country for a fortnight. All we got to eat was a piece of bread some poor folks would give us, or a turnip out of the fields. Well, we could not find any work, and we had just got to a village a little way from N. and I felt so famished and faint like I

could go no further. I don't know what I should have done but for a poor old woman who took us in and gave us a plateful of potatoes and some pot-liquor [1] to drink, and after a rest we went on to the town, and next morning we enlisted. Mother cried and went on a good bit, but it was no use, we couldn't starve. We were sent on to the depot, and after a bit we were sent out here. I should not mind soldiering a bit if I was strong."

"And do you ever write to your mother, or get a letter from her?" I asked.

"Oh yes, we (he generally said we, though his brother was with the other part of the regiment in the Transvaal) got a letter three weeks ago, and she said her husband don't drink as he used to, and don't knock her about, so we be happier like. And if I ever do say a prayer it is for that poor old woman who gave us a meal when we were well-nigh famished."

When Major S., who had had a bad attack of typhoid was going down country on his way to England, he said to me, "Sister, are you sure there is nothing I can do for you?"

I said, "Yes, if you will be good enough to take this young soldier home as your servant." He said he did not think he could as he had a servant. However a day or two before Major S. was leaving, he said, "I have arranged to take your soldier, and my servant will stop in the Colony."

[1] The water in which the potatoes and bacon had been boiled.

This was in August, 1879, and in January, 1881, his brother was amongst the killed on Majuba Hill. I felt very glad that one had been spared to the mother. How many strange histories one learns nursing amongst the sick! It seems so much easier to tell our troubles to strangers than to one's intimate friends, and many a story has been told me by quivering lips, as I sat by the bedside of our sick men. And though it was little that I could do, they were always sure of my sympathy.

And so, though this Christmas Day was a pouring one, and we were wet through at night, very few women were happier as we sat in our hut eating our supper of bread and cheese.

As soon as some of the men were moved down other convoys arrived from Standerton, so that our time was fully occupied. I had also three Kaffir patients—two surgical, and one with jaundice, and directly they got well they asked to be allowed to go. These men were very useful to me, as they asked all their friends who came to visit them to bring eggs and chickens, and I bought up all I could, and was allowed to let them run about, with some that belonged to the officers, upon condition that I should tie something round their legs. So I tied a piece of grey stuff round the legs of all my chickens, and kept an account of how many were killed.

About a week before we left Newcastle Captain V. called me out to the chicken-house, and there I saw a good many

with their legs tied with the grey stuff. I was surprised, and said, "Dear me, I didn't know we had so many chickens!"

"Didn't know that you had so many chickens?" said the Captain; "shall I tell you what you have done? Killed every one of our young ones, and left your old Stafford House ones for us; look at them, all tied by the leg."

Poor me, I really could not help it. I had told our Kaffir to kill and pick them, and of course thought they had taken the stuff off their legs. I could only suggest that they should be well fed, and then perhaps they would be tender.

It was arranged that we should leave Newcastle on the 16th of January. The Sikikuni business had proved easier than was expected, and so there was no need of our services, as the Government people would be at liberty to return. Two days before we left a sergeant asked me if we could stop another week, because the men said they could club round and collect enough to keep us, just to pull up the two or three bad cases that were then in hospital.

However, it was not thought necessary to keep three people for three cases, and so on the 16th we said good-bye.

A mule ambulance had been provided for us by Government, and at 2.30 p.m. we started; reaching the Exchange at 5.30, our first stage on the way home.

Fortunately all roadside inns are built near to a river in South Africa, which is convenient, as it is absolutely necessary to have a bath of some kind after driving over the dusty roads.

At 6.30 they gave us a very good meal, and soon after we went to bed. As we were to make an early start, they called us at 4 a.m., and we found our Malay drivers had made us some coffee which we drank, and then started, reaching Harding's stables at 8 o'clock. Here we outspanned. We always took wood with us from our last stopping-place, and beside this, cups, saucers, knives, forks, and some plates, a tin saucepan, and whatever we wanted to eat. Then after the mules had been turned out to graze around, we looked about for three good-sized stones, filled our saucepan at the river, and made the fire, cooked our breakfast; then we washed up our breakfast-things, and about 11 o'clock we inspanned; on again to Pilgrim's Rest, arrived there about 1 o'clock, had some luncheon, and at 3 p.m. we started for Mitchell Innis. We arrived in time for the evening meal, and soon after went to bed. Off the next morning at 5.30, reached Welche's stables at 8. A company of the Royal Engineers were encamped there; we cooked our breakfast as usual, and started for Ladysmith. We had some luncheon at Mrs. Wade's, and some fruit at Mrs. Randle's.

How nice it seemed to be there again! It was like meeting old friends. At 4 p.m. we said good-bye once more, and our next treck was to the "Rising Sun"—the worst of all our trecks as far as dust went. There was no water in the river close to the house, so we asked the landlady (who had met with an accident and had got a "black eye") if there was any further along? and she pointed out a place

where she said we could have a bath. So we took our towels and went off. We were not very successful, finding only muddy-looking water, and we told the landlady so when we got back. "Oh," she said, "that's where the cattle drink. I meant over there," giving her thumb a jerk in the opposite direction. We were very glad to have our supper and go to bed.

Up at 5 a.m., started directly, arriving at Colenso, where we had breakfast. We came over the Bulwer Bridge; it looked to me too narrow for its length. At 10 o'clock we started for Blue Crantz. Here the mimosa grows pretty thick; it was then in flower and looked quite pretty.

We had luncheon in a small cottage, and then on to Escourt, a very pretty place, where Mr. Patterson lives, who used to provide soup, &c., for any sick soldiers passing through on their way to Pietermaritzburg.

Next morning we made an early start. Getting up at 4.30 a.m., we walked up a very long, steep hill, and had a good view all round till the ambulance came up; trecked till 7 o'clock, outspanned for two hours.

On again to the Mooi River. There had been great alterations here since we had gone up in the post-cart eight months before, and the place now looked quite prosperous, and the river is really beautiful. At 12 o'clock they gave us a meal, and we rested till 3, reaching Currey's post at 5.30. No more trecking that day. Boy called us at 5, and we started at 6. Coming fast down one of the hills, the

wheel went over a piece of rock, which sent me up in the air, and when I came down the ambulance had passed on. What a thump I came down! Dr. S. said he thought I must be made of india-rubber not to have come to grief!

We reached Howick in time for 9 o'clock breakfast. We were a large party. Some of the officers of the Frontier Light Horse were on their way down, and they, with some good folks who were on their wedding tour, and some who were on their way to Pietermaritzburg to go through the same ceremony, made up a good long table.

After breakfast Sister Edith and I went and sat down by the waterfall and wrote our letters for home. There had been a heavy fall of rain and the fall was splendid. We gave the mules a good rest, and then started for Pietermaritzburg, where we arrived at 2.30. Walked up to Fort Napier, and saw some of our old Ladysmith patients who were then on duty. Dick the Zulu seemed very glad to see us, though his leg was not quite well. Then we went to say good-bye to Bishop and Mrs. Macrorie, and Mrs. Mitchell. The next day Surgeon-General Holloway called upon us, and was good enough to say how much the Army Medical Officers had appreciated our services.

Just before starting in the 'bus for Botha Hill, Colonel Mitchell took me to see the cross which was to be placed on the spot where the Prince Imperial was killed. They told me it was given by our Queen.

It was a warm morning and the 'bus was pretty full.

I sat on the box, the driver one side and a soldier the other. After we had gone some little distance, one of the passengers, a Dutchman, who had something to do with affairs in the Transvaal, told the driver to give me the reins. I suppose he wanted to see if an Englishwoman could drive six horses, and so I took them. It was a fairly smooth road just then. Presently we came to a very rough bit where a waggon had gone over, and I was anxious to give up the reins to the driver, but he said, "No, Missus, you do the good road, you do the rough," and so I did it. When we got down (as they always change half way, our driver taking Botha Hill passengers back to Pietermaritzburg, and Botha Hill driver taking us on to Botha Hill) he said, "Missus, if you sat beside me two weeks I would turn you out the best driver in South Africa." There was praise from an Africander!

Dr. S. had found something to do in looking after a man, who from some cause or other had a wound on his head, and looked as if erysipelas was setting in; he kept him from drinking on the way down, and with Sister Edith's wraps managed to make him a comfortable resting-place till the train came in; and right glad were we to see the puffing monster.

Everything here near the coast looked lovely—tree-ferns and semi-tropical vegetation. We reached Durban in time for dinner, and the next day or two was spent in trying to make our already well-worn garments respectable for our voyage home.

One afternoon we spent with Mrs. Stainbrook. They have a charming house on the Umgeni. She did a good deal for our sick and wounded in getting supplies of milk, eggs, chickens, fruit, and many other things, Stafford House supplying the funds.

On February the 3rd we drove to the landing stage, and soon after the *Fox* came alongside. We crossed the bar easily and could see the *Melrose* rolling about outside. Captain Rose welcomed us most kindly, and we soon steamed out. I kept on deck till 5 p.m. Most of the passengers were lying about in every stage of sea-sickness. That night the water came rushing down the stairs into the cabin; all my clothes were soaked through. I need not say I was very sick. I tried to get up next morning, but was told no one could go on deck, we were shipping heavy seas, so I spent most of the day in bed.

We reached Port Elizabeth on the 5th. It looked a good-sized place from the ship. Next morning we were taken in a steam-launch to our old ship the *Dublin Castle*. They all seemed glad to see us, and we were soon comfortably settled. Arriving at Cape Town on Sunday morning, we went to the morning services in the Cathedral, and spent the rest of the day quietly on board. Monday morning was rainy, but it cleared at 12 o'clock, so I went with Surgeon-Major and Mrs. Heather to Wynburg by train; had a Cape cart and pair of horses, and drove through the pine woods to Constantin. Went over the gardens and cellars. Had luncheon

at Coghills, got back to Wynburg about 4 o'clock, and then by train to Cape Town. The fruit trees all along the line were loaded. We got back to the *Dublin Castle* in time for dinner. A ball was given at Government House that evening, and most of the officers who were passengers and Dr. S. went.

We left Cape Town the next morning, only stopped a few hours at Madeira, and had fine weather till we were off Ushant; and then it began to blow, and there was a good deal of speculation as to whether we should arrive at Plymouth in the evening or the early morning. It proved to be the latter, but we were all ready to be off the moment we arrived. We all had breakfast at the railway station, and then by train to Paddington, and I soon espied the peaceful face of my good little friend Miss Raynor.

Soon after my return the Treasurer of the Stafford House Committee called, with the thanks of the Lady President, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and a cheque from her for my work as superintendent.

I took a month's rest after my return from South Africa, and then went on with private nursing again. In June I was sent to Aix-les-Bains. This was my first visit to the Continent, and a short case; nothing particular happened. On my way back I met some people who knew Bishop Steere, and who were as much struck as I was at such a clever man giving up the comforts of English life and probably a great name, to minister to East Africans.

After this trip to Aix-les-Bains I went on private nursing till the spring of 1882. I had been to the R. V. Hospital, Netley, on a three days' visit, and was almost inclined to take a sister's post which was then offered me, but could not quite make up my mind. I arrived in London at 6 p.m., and the question, should I or should I not go to Netley, was soon decided for me. Our superintendent was waiting to start me off to Antwerp by the 8 o'clock train from Liverpool Street. I had been promised for the case, so could not refuse.

I reached Antwerp the following day at 3 p.m.; we were late, having had a rough crossing. I was nursing in a house in the Place de Mars—one of the nicest parts of Antwerp. When off duty I used to ramble about the quaint old streets and picture gallery, and generally managed to get to one of the many beautiful churches for service, sometimes to the Cathedral. At the end of three weeks I returned to London.

A few months after I was in Kent with a convalescent patient, when I received a telegram from our superintendent, "Come by next train to prepare for Egypt." So I packed up and was off. H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck was anxious to give some help to the sick and wounded, and asked Mr. Childers what she could do? He said Her Royal Highness could give great assistance by sending out nurses; so four were selected, and a letter was written to Mrs. Deeble, the Superintendent of Netley Hospital, to ask about uniforms. Mrs. Deeble arrived in London, and upon

being informed at Whitehall that the Duchess of Teck had not thought of paying for the nurses to be sent out, decided that the War Office should send out nurses selected by herself. It was an ungracious act, and had this hitch been understood by our Association, not four, but double that number would have volunteered to work for her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck.

I must confess I felt disappointed at not being allowed to go, but still I was not quite out of it. It fell to my lot to nurse some and see many who served in Egypt in the campaign of 1882, and from what I could learn from those who were there, I was determined to go should there be any more fighting—not to interfere in any way with the Government nursing, but to feed the sick and wounded—in fact take up the work I began in the Zulu and Sikikuni Wars.

But that was not to be just then. Lord Morley's Committee had not then begun their inquiry: Hicks Pasha's army had not then been destroyed; General Gordon had not then been sent to his martyrdom.

So I went on nursing in England, till June, 1883, when I left London for the south of France, with a lady who had just received a telegram from her sister at Nice, to say that her brother was taken suddenly ill and his condition was such as to cause very grave anxiety. We arrived in Paris to find that the *rapide* had just stopped, so we were obliged to wait till nearly twelve o'clock for a train. Unfortunately this lady caught a chill in crossing, and by

the time we stopped for luncheon appeared quite ill, and complained of pain in her chest. I generally carry mustard leaves in my bag, but on this occasion had none. As soon as the train stopped I went into the buffets and asked for some mustard in English—I could not speak French. The man looked at me and passed on to the people who wanted luncheon. I looked round but could see no English-looking face, so I spread my handkerchief on the table, and poured the contents of a mustard pot into it, ran back to our carriage, spread it with a paper knife and applied my mustard plaster. It did its work and the climate did the rest. She did not look strong, and I was anxious to keep her well, not knowing what news might await us at Nice. At Marseilles the Queen of Portugual and the Crown Prince joined our train ; they also were going to Nice.

We arrived on Friday evening. Found the patient alive, but not out of danger. His two sisters and I nursed him, and at the end of a month we left Nice for Geneva. He bore the journey well, and made rapid strides towards convalescence. At Geneva we made many excursions during our seven weeks' stay there, sometimes visiting the places along the Lake, sometimes rambling about the old streets and museum. From Geneva we went to Glion, at the bottom of the Lake. Such a charming place just above Montreux! Who that has spent August and September there would care to spend it anywhere else !

Once we walked to Les Avant and back: more charming

still; and of course we went over the Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron.

My patient, who had quite recovered, and his sisters intended making a longer stay, but as my work was finished I returned to London, going on with my work as usual till May, 1884, when I left Victoria Station for Bellaggio, on the Lake of Como. I crossed to Calais and on to Paris and Bâle; had dinner there, and went on through the St. Gothard to Lugano, arriving there at 5 a.m. A porter carried my luggage down to the town. I knocked up the folks at the Hôtel Washington, got some coffee and rolls, and rested there till 11 o'clock, and then went on one of the lake steamers to Porlezza. Then on by *diligence* to Menaggio. Then on board another steamer and so crossed to Bellaggio—a very paradise. Such lovely flowers and walks! I bought some of those silk rugs they make there, and to my disgust saw them marked up much cheaper when I returned to London.

At the end of three weeks we packed up and went down the Lake to Como. There we rested one night, and went on the next morning to Lucerne; stopped at the Hôtel National close to the lake four days. We visited the Glacier garden; crossed over a curious old bridge with a painted roof to the other part of the town. The night before leaving Lucerne I was standing on the balcony outside our windows, when all at once the lake got very rough. The boats were tossed hither and thither. Presently two

men, who did not seem to know anything about rowing, managed to let their boat capsize. One caught hold of the boat and held on till another boat was put out to them, the other went under twice, and when they got him on shore they found he was dead. It all happened in a few minutes and so close to land !

We came on to Bâle the next day, and stopped one night at the "Three Owls," and on next morning by express to Paris. We stopped at the Hôtel Continental two nights. I was taken for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and to see Notre Dame, the Madeleine, and the Palais Royal.

We reached England on Thursday evening. At 12 o'clock on the following Saturday night, a telegram was brought to me, asking if I would start by early train on Sunday morning for Palermo. I directly packed up, and got what sleep I could, and reached Victoria Station in time to go by early train to Dover. I told the porter at Victoria to book my luggage to Naples, but by some mischance or other it was only booked to Paris ; so I was obliged to get out and have my luggage examined, and go on by cab to the Gare de Lyons, only just in time to buy half a chicken and some bread, for which they charged five francs fifty centimes.

At Aix-les-Bains some people got into the carriage I was in who lived in Natal when I was out there, and we talked over many people I had met in the colony. We went through the Mount Cenis tunnel to Turin ; they were going to the Exhibition which was just then opened. I was obliged

to stop at Turin four hours, but was afraid to venture inside the Exhibition, being very anxious not to miss the next train to Naples. I did not reach Naples till 11 o'clock Tuesday night. Went to an hotel and stopped there till 4 o'clock on Wednesday. I then took my ticket and went on board one of the steamers for Palermo.

I did not enjoy my dinner; everything tasted of oil and was raw. Something happened to the engine in the middle of the night, and we stopped for an hour. However we arrived at Palermo safely, and directly after I was introduced to my patients—two children, suffering from typhoid fever. These cases were on a yacht. I went ashore two or three times, tried to see a very beautiful mosaic in St. John's Church, but was too late each time; went to a convent to see a number of embalmed bodies, and took a drive through some very beautiful gardens and orange groves.

After lying in harbour three weeks we steamed out, our destination being Naples. We passed Stromboli at twelve o'clock at night; it was smoking, but no flame. We arrived at Naples the next day—Vesuvius was sending out flames and smoke,—and here we got the news that cholera had broken out at Marseilles, and that all passengers going to Paris were fumigated; neither of these routes could be thought of with three children, two of whom were hardly convalescent. Whilst inquiries were being made, and a courier coming from England, we took a trip to Torre del Greco and Castellamare, and I managed to get a whole

day at Pompeii. Four of us took a carriage, which we were told was the best way to go—and it happened on a Sunday. Neither of us had been there before, so did not know that no guides could be got on Sundays, unless there was an invalid to be carried. Well, we wanted a guide so that we might not lose ourselves, being anxious to get back to Naples in good time. My companion was certainly too heavy to be carried in a chair, so I, though not by any means a "light-weight," was obliged to be the victim. I scraped up some of the ashes as we walked through the Street of Tombs; then to the Museum to see the petrified bodies, and various things that had been found in the ruins.

We drove back to Naples, and got blocked several times, it being a great feast day, and the streets were gaily decorated with flags.

Two days after we steamed out on our way to Genoa. Arrived there safely, and directly went to the railway station and took train for Milan. Here we stopped two days. I went to see the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ambrose, said to be the oldest in Milan.

Our next journey was to Lugano; there we stopped at the Hôtel du Parc a week. The drives about were lovely, but the weather was unfortunately for us very showery. There is a beautiful fresco in a little church close to the hotel. Our next move was through the St. Gothard to Bâle; stopped one night at the "Three Kings," and left

by evening express for Ostend; had a good crossing to Dover, and so on to London—patients and everybody quite safe. We were near London for about three weeks, and then we went to Scotland. I remained there seven weeks.

After nursing my next patient for six weeks in London, I took her to Brighton for seven weeks, and then we went to Paris. This was in December, 1884.

While we were in Paris my patient's husband got a chill and a slight attack of bronchitis. When living in Paris before he had always had his medicines made up at a French chemist's in the Rue St. Honoré. He had the prescription in his possession, which had been made up by them before, but did not know which of the two was for a cough. Neither did I, and I hardly liked to go for it, because I could not speak French. However, as the lady's-maid could not speak French either, off I marched. I found the shop right enough. I went in and said in English, "Will you tell me, please, which of these two prescriptions is for a cough?" The one or two men looked at each other and then at me. I repeated the question. Then a fat little man came from behind the counter rubbing his hands and smiling. So I put one of the prescriptions in his hand, and began coughing till I was red in the face. He looked perfectly amazed, first at me, then at the prescription. I took it out of his hand and gave the other prescription, and began coughing as vigorously as before; all at once he seemed to understand what I wanted, and I

got my prescriptions made up without any more difficulty. After this I made an attempt to learn French, but did not succeed—my heart was not in it.

In March, 1885, an appeal was made by the National Society for giving aid to the sick and wounded in the English newspapers. I could not give money, I hadn't any to give, but I offered my services as a cooking-sister, to make and give all extras, in fact to carry on the work I began in the Zulu and Sikikuni wars.

My services were accepted, and I received a letter on Friday, 27th March, asking if I would give it my earliest attention, as they were anxious to send out as soon as possible. I left Paris on the following morning, and arrived in town too late to see Lady Rosebery, who had left that afternoon. However, I received a telegram asking me to go to the Durdans by an early train on Monday. I went, and it was settled that two cooking sisters should be sent—Miss Edwards from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, and myself. Lady Rosebery said she hoped we should do all in our power for the sick and wounded; and that if on my arrival in Egypt I found that anything that had not already been sent would be useful for the work, to send to Mr. Lamb, the commissioner in London, for it.

At the Durdans I saw Mrs. Gladstone, who gave me her own and Mr. Gladstone's best wishes for our work. We were to belong to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales' branch of the National Aid Society. From the Durdans

I came back direct to Marlborough House, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales being Lady President.

Her Royal Highness said how sorry she was for sick and wounded. "Do your very best; do everything for them." Some other kindly words Her Roval Highness said, and then I went from Marlborough House to the City to see the Secretary, and buy the things that would be necessary for our work, such as mincing machines, enamelled basons, egg-beater, knives, forks, spoons, &c.

I also went to Capper's to be measured for the uniform; we were to wear the Netley grey.

On Tuesday morning I met Miss Edwards for the first time. We went to Capper's again, to have our gowns tried on, and I told her what kind of things I had ordered. We could not wait for her to help to choose these things, as we were to leave England the next day. So on Wednesday morning at 8 a.m. I said good-bye to my friends, and drove to the City to meet Miss Edwards and Mr. Lamb, the commissioner, who went with us to the Docks. We embarked on board the P. and O. steamer *Brindisi*, and had a fair passage to Gibraltar. I slept under an open port-hole and got a nice ducking one night, being drenched from head to foot.

We went ashore at Gibraltar with most of the passengers, looked through the town, gardens, and markets, then added five donkeys to our party and made the ascent of the Rock. We saw the 100-ton gun, which I was told costs £90

each time it is fired; we went into St. Michael's cave, which they lighted with blue lights; we then threw some stones, and listened a few moments to hear them drop. We went to the Flagstaff and wrote our names, and then made our way down; went on board directly, and soon steamed out. Had a good run to Malta, which we reached on April 10. We went ashore with some of the passengers to see the fortifications made by the old knights; then to the Palace and Armoury. From the bridge we saw the funeral procession of an officer who had died suddenly the day before; the gun-carriage was covered with wreaths and crosses. There were two bands, and a great many military and naval men following. Unfortunately St. John's Church, which we had been told was so beautiful, was closed, but close by we saw a place where they make and mend tapestry. We went in and looked at it; then we went back to our ship.

Arrived at Port Said on the 14th of April—we did not go ashore; entered the Suez Canal at 9 a.m.; at 2 p.m. we had to stop to let ten steamers pass.

We arrived at Suez on the evening of Wednesday the 15th. On Thursday Captain Hussall brought the steam launch, and took us ashore to the Suez Hotel, the head-quarters of the National Aid Society.

I made inquiries about the things in store, and found they had not sent unsweetened milk, tapioca, rusks, or prepared barley for making barley-water. I also asked for a few nutmegs and flavourings for puddings. I directly

wrote for these things to be sent. I knew from experience how all the fever cases loathe condensed milk week after week. In South Africa we managed to get good goats' milk for a change, but that could not be got in any quantity at Suez.

All these things were sent out from England without delay, and were very much appreciated by the sick men, especially the unsweetened milk.

This milk will not keep good so long in a hot climate as the ordinary condensed milk, but if sent fresh every week from England none need be wasted. I used it freely as long as it lasted, to make sure of none being wasted, keeping back two or three tins to try. One tin I took up the Nile with me and opened the day before I left the boat. It was quite good; but I did it as an experiment and took more care of it than could be given to ordinary cargo. So this one tin had kept good over two months.

On Saturday we received a letter from Major Young welcoming us to Egypt.

On Sunday a clergyman came from Port Said. We had service in a large room in the Suez Hotel. On Monday we had our first interview with Brigade-Surgeon Davadge. I gave Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales's message that I should be sent to Suakim. However we were both detained for work at Suez; but Dr. Davadge said no accommodation could be had for a few days, either for sleeping or cooking.

Miss Edwards went to the hospital to superintend the cooking in the hospital cook-house for three or four hours daily till our quarters were ready.

On Thursday, April 23rd, just a week after landing at Suez, we received a note to say our quarters were ready for us. We found four rooms had been given over for our use —in fact two sergeants' quarters that had been used for stores, but they had painted and whitewashed the room, and put a new kitchen-range in the room we were to do our cooking in. It was a great improvement upon my South African arrangement as far as room went; but having been used for stores they were full of rats, cockroaches, flies and fleas. They gave us two Egyptian—I suppose I must call them bedsteads—a sort of wickerwork arrangement, which made me shiver when I looked at them, feeling sure I should go through. However we only had them a short time, because one day a sergeant of the stores came to look for his hammer we had borrowed to kill cockroaches, and seeing these not too restful couches he straightway sent some small iron bedsteads, and brought some mosquito nets and put them up himself. He was a good-natured man, still he could not take the other little creatures away, and I cannot say that either of us felt much refreshed after a night spent amongst them; but by using plenty of carbolic in the water and washing them down every day we soon got them under, and then we used Keating's insect powder plentifully.

As soon as we had settled ourselves the scratching began; we held our breath and listened. Yes, rats! surely they must be rats, and in a very short time they were having a country dance over our bedroom floor. We caught six in a trap close to my bed in a very short time.

Then came a sound as of dried leaves being blown over a gravel path in autumn. "What's that?" said Miss Edwards.

"Only cockroaches. You know they are just as plentiful here as in England," I said.

I am not a bit afraid of them, because as soon as I had finished my training, I was put in charge of the largest medical ward in the hospital, having one assistant nurse to help. There were a great many serious cases in just then, and the house physician was coming at 12 o'clock to see if any of the worst cases required sleeping draughts. We generally had coffee about that time, so I made it in a jug and put it in the day-room fireplace to keep hot; after the doctor had gone, the assistant nurse poured out a cup each and we drank it. I asked her if she would like some more, and she said she should. I took up the jug to pour it out, and it seemed to me that the jug was full of coffee. I turned up the gas, and to my horror the jug was half-full of cockroaches. The assistant nurse tried to do a faint, but knowing I had eighteen poultices to change twice before 8 a.m. besides other work, took all thought of fainting out of my mind. I have never felt afraid of a cockroach since.

The Sergeant-Major recommended a Berber boy to us as servant. He could speak a little English before he came to us, but a good deal before we left.

He generally came about 5.30 a.m., cleaned the stove, lighted the fire, got the boilers filled, and set our breakfast, which we generally had a little before 8 o'clock.

Then our work began. One of us did the patients' breakfast whilst the other cut up beef ready for going through the mincing machine for beef-tea, and prepared the chickens for roasting, stewing, or cutlets.

The beef-tea, chicken, fish, and vegetables were served at 12 o'clock, puddings, pancakes, jelly, blancmange, being given in Government hospitals at 3 P.M.

We found the cooking very hot and exhausting work, still at this time we were not overworked. From the time we began work till the end of May the beef-tea varied between eleven and twenty-eight pints a day ; puddings thirteen to thirty-four ; chickens four to eight ; fish two to five diets. Breakfasts consisted of porridge, eggs and omelettes.

On the 18th of May, Miss Edwards left Suez for work at Wady Halfa.

On the 29th of May the hospital ship, *Ganges*, stopped at Suez on her way to England with invalids. I went on board with some of the sisters to see the ship. Some convalescent patients also from Suez went home in her.

The heat at this time at Suez was very great ; our hospital patients were increasing, numbers arriving by every steamer

from Suakim ; and I was beginning to feel done up. The drains under my quarters were found to be blocked. I managed to keep on by taking small doses of quinine every day. The hospital staff were nearly run off their legs. The beef-tea went up from sixty-eight to one hundred and eleven pints daily ; chickens from seventeen to twenty-seven ; puddings from sixteen to twenty-eight ; mutton chops, and fish, jelly, custard, strong chicken tea, for the worst cases—two bucketfuls of barley water, each boiled twenty minutes.

Then came extra for breakfast—chocolate, arrowroot, in fact arrowroot thick, thin, and medium, was going all day, and dry toast. When the latter was asked for I was at my wit's end, not having a toasting-fork. However, Omar soon settled that difficulty. I was kneeling before the fire, my eyes nearly blinded from the hot fire, when Omar touched me on the shoulder and at the same time picked up the poker, took it to the sink and washed it, and using that as a toasting-fork the difficulty was solved.

After one of these terribly hot days, a lot of sick arrived from Suakim, and it was quite late before they reached the hospital. I had sent Brand's essence, chicken broth, and milk for the new arrivals, and had constituted myself guardian of one block where I knew one man was very ill. I went in to give him something to drink—the soda-water was quite hot so, I fetched some from my quarters, which was cooler. I always kept a number of bottles on the

hearth-stone in my store-room, throwing a bucketful of water over them occasionally. Just at this time we had not any ice in the hospital, and I was told none could be got at Suez.

But this sick man said to me, "If Mr. Sutherland, of the Suez Hotel, only knew we wanted ice at the hospital he would send us some." I went round the hospital to see if I could find any man to go, but did not succeed in finding any one. They were all so busy, and my boy Omar had gone for the night. I went into my kitchen to think what could be done.

We National Aid folk had not, as far as I knew, been asked for anything that had not been given, and our Lady President's words were "Do everything you can for the sick and wounded." So off I started. I passed one of the doctors on the bridge just outside the hospital, but I did not like to ask him to go, so on I went. It was nearly dark. When I got a little way beyond the signal-box I thought I heard footsteps; I stopped to listen, hoping it might be a soldier, but I could not see any one—still I could not get rid of the feeling that some one was following me. There had been a riot at Suez a few days before, and two or three men had been killed—perhaps that made me nervous.

However I kept walking on as fast as I could, looking back every now and then, and in looking back I stumbled over what I thought were bales of goods. To my horror the bales were warm, and began to move. I scrambled up

and ran on faster than ever, still looking back, and was brought to a standstill by my left shoulder coming in contact with a railway truck. I stood for a few minutes to recover my breath and take my bearings. I knew the water was to my left, and I could see the lights from a drinking-bar a little ahead of me, and I could hear, rather than see, some more bales lying under the warehouses—so I crept quietly on, hardly daring to breathe, till I got opposite the drinking-bar. I felt quite safe then: I was not many yards from the Suez Hotel.

I went straight up to Mr. Sutherland and said, "There is a sick man in hospital who says if you only knew that we had no ice in the hospital, you would send some." He immediately had as much ice packed as a man could carry, and called a porter—giving me a lantern—and so we went back to the hospital.

The Suez Hotel people were exceedingly kind to us, and supplied all we wanted at a moment's notice. About this time the drains under my quarters were to be repaired, and the Senior Medical Officer gave me leave to sleep in a room in the officers' block. It was a room in which an officer had died a few days before. When my boy Omar heard of this arrangement, he was very much troubled about it. He said to me, "Sister, you no sleep in that room—that man he come to you in the night and he say, 'Why you sleep here?' and he take you right away." I tried to explain to him that the dead do not return, and that Allah

takes cares of all people who trust in Him. But Omar looked very troubled when he left for the night.

I saw the nursing sisters a little later on, and they said they were going out to the seashore in the morning to look for shells—that the night sister would call us at 4 a.m., give us some tea, then we should get back in time for duty. So we went. Omar was evidently troubled about my sleeping in that room, so he arrived earlier than usual; he listened at the door for some time, then he knocked. No answer—because I was not there. Then he went and lighted the fire and made some tea, brought that and knocked again; then he shouted, "Sister, wake up! I have brought you some tea." Well, he shouted and banged—but no answer. Then he went to the sentry. "Had they seen me? Had I gone to Suez?" No, they said they had not seen me! Then he went all round the hospital and inquired at the different wards. No, nothing could be heard of me, no one had seen me. Then an orderly opened the door—that did not help them much. I had always to fold my bed up regulation fashion—upon those conditions I was allowed to sleep in that block. Omar then started for Suez to make inquiries, but we came through the gate in time to stop him. How relieved he looked, how he smiled! his ugly face was quite beautiful with gladness.

In my kitchen I had a picture out of *The Graphic*, of the "Ladies' Committee of the National Aid Society," and many of the men whilst waiting for their "extras" would go

up and point out the various members. Probably some of the names were familiar to them. Omar watched them, and one day he said to me, pointing out one of the Committee, "Is that your sister?" I said "No; my sister is nursing sick men in England."

"Is she little or plenty big?" he asked. I said "plenty big." A few days after he came into my store-room in a great hurry—"Sister, I got your sister now, look!" and he held up a piece of a *Graphic*, with the Queen standing by the bedside of a sick man at Netley. I told him that was not my sister, but the Queen of England; and that all the soldiers in Egypt belonged to her.

"Are there any more soldiers in England?" was his next question. "Has the Queen plenty of money—plenty rich?"

"Yes," I said; "the Queen has plenty of money, she is very rich,"—and I took out a box of rice and put a small heap, and said, "Those are English soldiers in Egypt"; another heap, the same size, "Those are soldiers in Africa," a big heap for India, the same for England, and various other little heaps for different places.

"Eh," says Omar, with a great sigh, "your Queen plenty rich."

As the work increased my appetite decreased; and when the beef for one hundred and eleven pints of beef-tea, and twenty-five chickens were brought in, Omar said, "Sister, why you no go sick? Soldier cook, when he see plenty beef, plenty work, he go sick; you no go sick, eh?" He was most

careful of all the odd fat, and one day I asked him what he was keeping it for? He said, "For his mother's hair!"

On the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were at Suez; they were on their way to England. Miss Williams and I got up early at 4 a.m. and gathered a large basket of flowers. I took them to Suez; the agents of the P. and O. steamers having promised to take them on board if I could get them there before 6 a.m. On the way down I thought I would ask the Senior Medical Officer to let me give the men a little treat. I called him to look at the flowers, and then asked—he immediately gave me leave to do so.

I gave one tin of biscuits, one tin of chocolate, and one pot of jam to every four men, and I gave over to Miss Williams the same quantity, to be divided amongst the men who were then too sick to have them. It was not much to give them, but they were so pleased, as this was quite independent of their rations.

Our last batch of sick from Suakim was the worst. Eight poor fellows died in one week. We had no army chaplain, but a Mr. and Mrs. Toby and a lady friend of theirs visited among the sick, and Mr. Toby took all the funerals.

On Friday, 19th of June, I received a letter from Major Young, and later on a telegram, requesting me to leave Suez on the morning of the 20th for Cairo, *en route* for

Assiout, there to catch the National Aid steamer *Alexandra.* I was up at 5 a.m., packed up my clothes, made the barley-water and porridge for breakfast, and paid Omar his wages.

I left Suez station about 9 a.m. reaching Zag-a-Zig for luncheon; passed Tel-el-Kebir, saw the remains of Arabi's sand-hills, passed the cemetery where rest the bodies of the poor fellows who were killed. It looked well cared for. Major Young met me at Cairo, and took me to Shepheard's Hotel. I then went to the Citadel Hospital to see Sister Selby, who had shown me much kindness when she was in charge of the Government nursing at Suez. I had my dinner at Shepheard's, and afterwards received my instructions about the stern-wheel steamer *Alexandra.*

Up at 6 a.m., had my breakfast, and drove to Boulac station. Mr. Burrell, who also belonged to the National Aid Society, was going to Assiout with stores for the Nile Hospital. We travelled together. The heat was fearful, and the dust suffocating: every now and then we were obliged to get out of the carriage to have it swept out. I felt dried up. How I thought of, and pitied, the men who marched across the desert with Sir H. Stewart! We first bought a melon, that we finished; next we bought some apples, so nasty; then another water-melon, the largest I ever saw! About the middle of the day it got so hot that Mr. Burrell asked me if I should object to his taking off his coat; and after doing so, leant back in his corner and went to sleep. When he awoke he looked

like a badly-wounded man, for the dye out of the red-leather had soaked into his white shirt and made him an object of compassion!

We reached Assiout about 6.30 p.m. They told us it had been one of the hottest days they ever remembered.

We counted over the "cases," and then made our way to the Nile; went on board the *Alexandra* and had some tea. Later on we had some dinner and drank Her Majesty's health and the Princess of Wales's, and good luck to the *Alexandra*.

I should have slept if the mosquitos had not been so busy.

Early the next morning we steamed out, dodging from one side of the Nile to the other to avoid sandbanks.

We passed several villages, all the people crowding to see the steamer. The large red wheel at the back seemed to astonish them.

We reached Soohag at sunset, and tied up for the night. Here we were delayed a day, which I spent in opening cases and arranging stores. This had to be done in the saloon. A dust storm came on in the morning and was raging all day. Everything you ate and drank was full of dust, and it seemed to dry your very marrow.

Next day, June 24th, we were just getting steam up when two barges full of soldiers and invalids anchored opposite us. They were some of the Black Watch. One officer and a doctor came on board the *Alexandra*.

We gave them one case of milk, six tins of tapioca, two

dozen of soda water, and some fans. The doctor told me they had been well supplied at Assouan, but had been so delayed by sandbanks. They had got a little ahead of the others, for one poor fellow had died and they wanted to bury him. They asked for and I gave them my prayer-book to read the burial service over him.

As soon as they had gone we steamed out, reaching Girzeh at sunset in a very high wind.

We left Girzeh at 5 o'clock next morning, just as the post-boat arrived from Assouan. We struck aground at 8 A.M., and again about 10 o'clock.

Passed Farshoot at midday; one hour's steaming brought us to Disneh. Here the water was very shallow, and we were continually striking ground.

We arrived at Keneh at half-past seven, and tied up for the night.

The post-boat started at 5 a.m. next morning. We left half an hour later, and overtook the post-boat just as we were going into Luxor at midday. Here the river was very bad in places, and we ran hard aground at 3 o'clock. We reached Esneh at sunset, and tied up for the night.

Left Esneh next morning at half-past 4 o'clock, steaming along very well till just after 2 p.m. Here we were delayed on a sandbank half an hour, and after we had steamed on an hour longer we came across a barge full of soldiers lying on a sandbank. They were some of the East Kent Regi-

ment on their way to Assouan. They asked us to take a man on board our steamer who was suffering from fever; we did so. He was my first patient; for was I not doctor and nurse too?

At this time the *Alexandra* was getting ship-shape. Our stores and medicines were arranged. We had made book-cases out of packing cases, lined them with brown paper, and fixed them each side the doctor's room door.

We had accommodation on the *Alexandra* for forty-eight invalids. In lower-deck saloon there were six divans at each side, the underneath part being used as cupboards for stores. Then twelve stretchers could be slung over the divans; twelve stretchers could be slung down the middle of the saloon, whilst outside the saloon could be slung each side the steamer six stretchers. But we never had more than thirty in the salooon, because it was such very hot weather. We arranged stretchers on deck for the others. My cabin was at one end of the saloon, its only drawback being it was next the engine and boiler, and naturally got all the heat and dust therefrom. Still, better I should be there than the patients, and I could see no other place where a nurse could be.

The kitchen was at the other end of the steamer, and we were fortunate in getting such a good cook as Arlie. He had been servant to Colonel Burnaby, who was killed in the Soudan. He spoke English fairly. We also had another boy, Suliman: he was not quite so satisfactory; was

supposed to act as waiter. He had the greatest antipathy to a clean tablecloth, and used to take my sponge to wipe up anything he happened to spill. All the boatmen and stokers of course were Egyptians. Mr. Dale in charge, and Mr. Watts, his assistant, with myself, made up the boat's crew.

We arrived at Assouan on Sunday, the 28th of June. The commandant and one or two officers came on board, and looked over everything, and were good enough to say it was perfect. All the things were bright and new. I had put a grey flannel suit of pyjamas, a pair of socks, and a pocket handkerchief on each bed—a gift from the National Aid Society. All the pillows had nice white linen pillow-cases, with here and there one from Marlborough House, with the Princess's badge.

Running round the saloon was a rack similar to those in a railway carriage. This held a towel, a piece of soap, a book, and fan for each patient. The Senior Medical Officer came on board and said my patient must be taken to the hospital at Assouan, as his regiment would be there, and it was useless sending him back to Cairo. At sunset, thirty-two invalids, three officers, a doctor, and eight men of the Army Hospital Corps came on board, and the same steam launch took my patient back, but not before I had promised to go and see him on our next trip up.

We left Assouan at 5 a.m. next morning. Breakfast at 8, consisting of cocoa, coffee, and tea; porridge, eggs, bread, butter, and marmalade.

Dinner—boiled mutton and vegetables; tapioca pudding.

Tea—Biscuits, tea or cocoa.

Supper—Beef-tea, arrowroot biscuits, soda-water, milk, Brand's essence of meat, and port wine. These things varied according to the state of the patients, and in no case did I ever give anything without the sanction of the medical officer in charge. The breakfasts and suppers were nearly always the same.

The dinner varied; sometimes we managed to get turkeys and chicken, sometimes roast beef, and the patients who were allowed fruit and vegetables had them, and there was no stint of milk and soda-water.

I gave this lot of patients the last of the cigars sent out by our Queen.

We passed Edfoss at 1.30 p.m., Esneh 4.45, Erment 7.45, reaching Luxor at 9.40. It was a bright moonlight night, and I went on shore to look at the ruins of the temple. We left Luxor at 6 o'clock next morning, passed Nagedah at 8.30, ran hard aground at 10 a.m. with a tremendous bump, breaking lots of crockery, and sending two boatmen into the river.

I was getting out stores in the saloon at the time. One man not quite right in his mind was lying on a stretcher in the middle of the saloon, guarded by two orderlies. Two other invalids were close by sitting at a small table, and I had just locked my cupboard and was standing with a tin of soup in my hand, when the crash came, and I was sent

sprawling over the two men and the madman. There we were—five men, two chairs, a table, and myself all mixed up together.

The tin of soup went with a bound into the kitchen. We all escaped with a few bruises. Mr. Dale put out two anchors, working with windlass and engines, and after five hours' hard work he succeeded in getting us off, and we went on our way rejoicing.

We passed Keneh at a miserable crawling pace about 5 p.m., almost a hurricane blowing. We tied up at sunset.

Started next morning at 5 a.m. with a high head-wind blowing, and, going slow on account of very shallow water, passed Farshoot at 7 a.m., Girzeh at 11, reaching Soohag at 2 p.m.; tied up for the night at 7.30; left anchorage at 5 a.m. next morning, reaching Assiout at 9.15.

Major Young and Colonel Lloyd came on board, and soon after the invalids started for Cairo by special train.

We took on board more stores and coal, and left Assiout on our return journey at 3 p.m., July 3rd.

Our work was now to rearrange stores, get the steamer thoroughly scrubbed down, bedding, &c. aired.

We reached Luxor on Tuesday, July 7th, about midday, and were obliged to stop two hours for coals. I took that opportunity of seeing the splendid Temple of Karnac. There were plenty of donkeys, but no side saddles, so I sat sideways on the ordinary Egyptian one, and a boy ran beside me. He ran near enough for me to put my left hand on his shoulder,

and we went at a good pace. We had a very short time to see it in, and it is useless my trying to describe here this mighty monument of giants. I know, though I had a large bath towel folded four times all down my spine and a Hussar helmet on, I was nearly cooked. We arrived at Assouan on Wednesday, the 8th of July, at sunset.

At 4 a.m., July 9th, the Government steam launch came alongside, and took me to the foot of the hill on which stands the hospital at Assouan. I was glad to be able to keep my promise to go and see how my first patient was getting on. He was making good progress, and appeared glad to see me. An orderly took me round the huts. They reminded me of the ones at Newcastle in South Africa. I then came back to the *Alexandra*, and twenty-three Egyptian invalids, one Egyptian officer in charge, a National Aid surgeon, and four nursing sisters on their way to Cairo, came on board, and soon after we steamed out. Diet for the Egyptian sick consisted of bread, rice, chickens, coffee. They amused themselves by looking at some copies of the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*, and playing draughts. We also gave them some cigarettes.

We had a good run to Assiout, and they all left for Cairo at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. I gave out of National Aid stores a chicken, some bread, grapes, and cigarettes to each Egyptian for the journey.

The officer in charge left a letter of thanks for the kindness shown them by the National Aid Society. This was

written in Arabic. As soon as they had gone I started all the men to thoroughly scrub down the steamer with Hudson's extract of soap, of which we had a plentiful supply.

We waited two days at Assiout for more stores to take up the Nile. Whilst we were waiting I made one or two excursions to the rocks close to Assiout, to see the tombs of ancient Egyptians.

It was not a pleasing sight—mummy birds, dogs, human beings, all mixed up together and lying about. Then I went through the bazaar and some nice gardens belonging to a Copt.

On Wednesday, July 15, Mr. Burrell arrived with stores, and we left Assiout for Assouan. The Nile had now risen considerably, and we had a good run. At Keneh we went ashore to see the markets, and here we met Arlie, the cook. He gave me a large bunch of grapes, and we rode on. At this time I had a side-saddle, lent to me by a lady at Assiout. Presently we came to a crowd, and in the middle one or two men or women—I could not tell which—were twirling round and round, foaming at the mouth, looking horrible. We pressed in amongst the crowd gazing at these people, and soon had reason to know we were the next attraction, and the shout of "bacsheesh" was getting troublesome when I espied several children playing in the dust a little to my left. To them I threw my bunch of grapes, and whilst all these folk were struggling to get them,

we got away. This and the race to see the temple at Karnac was the only time I managed to see anything up the Nile.

We arrived at Assouan, and took on board twenty-four invalids, three sick officers, three Army Medical officers. Had a very quick run to Cairo, the Nile being now very high, and no chance of running against sandbanks. We reached Cairo on Monday, July 27th. Our patients were conveyed to the Citadel Hospital.

On Tuesday we took list of equipments on board. I washed all the crockery, cleaned the paint, and got everything ready to give over to the Government.

On Wednesday I went through the bazaars with one of the Government sisters and to the Pyramids.

On Thursday I left Cairo for Suez with twenty-seven packages of medical comforts for the s.s. *Dacca*, which was to take invalids from Suez to England. I arrived at Suez at 7 p.m., and was met at the station by the faithful Omar, the hospital donkey-boy, one of the National Aid sisters, and two odd men about the hospital, who were hoping to carry my parcels to the hospital.

On Saturday I received a letter from Major Young, with instructions for us to proceed to Alexandria on the following morning, to return to England in the hospital ship *Ganges*.

We arrived at the Hôtel Abatt on Sunday night, and reported ourselves at headquarters on Monday, and asked to be allowed to go on board. We were told our orders

would be sent to us. We waited two days, then I went again. The drains were bad at the hotel, and I was afraid my sore throat might be the beginning of a long illness, and I was anxious to get out of it. We received our orders a few hours before the *Ganges* left, and had a good passage to England, reaching Portsmouth on August 18th, 1885.

This question of feeding the "sick and wounded" seems to me a very great one. Any nursing sister who has worked amongst the men on active service must have had her attention drawn very often to the plates which go away almost as full as when given to the patients. When this has gone on for a week or two you will find the man has benefited little by being in hospital. And this happens not to the worst cases, where it does not so much matter, as they are on extras and know they will get something else by and by. This state of things comes hardest upon the man whom the doctors will tell you there is nothing much the matter with; and perhaps this is true. He is suffering from general debility, and general debility, so far as I have had the chance of observing, means general discontent.

Now, would it not pay the British nation better to feed up these men for about three weeks or a month and send them back to their regiments rejoicing rather than keep them a little longer in the hospital at a little less expense, only to make them discontented and wish themselves well out of the service?

In South Africa these men came in for a good share

of the Stafford House Funds. I got every ounce I could out of the Government, and then added to this from the funds at my disposal.

The Government give enough bread—and I have always found it very good indeed, but bread and tea is not a tempting meal even for a strong man or woman. So we supplemented to the general debility cases, butter, an egg, or dried herrings if I could get them. I do not mean to say that I consider dried herrings nourishing, but as the Zanzibar children used to say about the wee bits of dried shark, "He makes us eat a lot of rice," so in the same way the dried herring made the bread go down, and we always gave plenty of milk for their tea or coffee.

The 12 o'clock meal consisted of fresh beef and compressed vegetables. This meal did very well, it was all stewed together and made excellent strong soup ; and as I said before, they had plenty of good bread. In the afternoon some got rice, milk, or mazina, some cocoa; all got butter, and an egg if possible.

In the evening they had beef tea and what stimulant was allowed by Government.

I cannot help thinking, that if the National Aid Society would go thoroughly into the cooking branch and perfect the work in time of peace, they would add considerably to the wellbeing of our sick and wounded men, and would be warmly welcomed by the Army Medical Staff; bearing in mind that any so-called Cooking Sister shall be under the

control of the Senior Medical Officer of the hospital to which she may be attached.

1,100 men passed through the Ladysmith Hospitals, including the Ulundi wounded, and twenty-nine out of the 1,100 patients died. I tried a few years ago to collect a little money to put some simple memorial to these men in the new church at Ladysmith, but only succeeded in getting a few pounds, which I sent to Mr. George Tatham, to pay for repairing the graves. Will some one, at some time, remember the twenty-nine poor fellows who are buried there, and put a window to the "Glory of God, and in Memory of the Brave," in the new church at Ladysmith?

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THE END.

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